In Recital

Danica Clark, soprano

assisted by
Gloria Reimer, piano

Saturday, January 24, 1998 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1882/3) — Richard Strauss
Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2 (1882/3) — (1864-1949)
Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 (1882/3) — (texts by: Hermann von Gilm)

From *Ariettes Oubliées* — Claude Debussy
Il pleure dans mon coeur (1885-1888) — (1862 - 1818)
Chevaux de bois (1885) — (texts by: Paul Verlaine)
Green (1886)

Over the Rim of the Moon (1918) — Michael Head
The Ships of Arcady — (1900-1976)
Beloved
A Blackbird Singing
Nocturne

From *Gianni Schicchi* (1918) — Giacomo Puccini
O Mio Babino Caro — (1858-1924)

From *Roméo et Juliette* (1867) — Charles Gounod
Ah! Je veux vivre — (1818-1893)

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Zueignung (Dedication)
Yes, you know it, dear soul
that, far from you, I am wretched;
love makes the heart sick -
be thanked!

Once, freedom's apostle I held
high the amethyst goblet,
and you blessed the drink -
be thanked!

And you banished the evil within
till as I have never been, I became
holy, and holy fell on your heart;
be thanked!

Nichts (Nought)
So, you want me to name my Queen
in the bright land of song?
Fools all that you are,
I know her less than you
who round me throng.

Ask me what's her eyes' soft colour,
what her voice and does it please;
what her gait, complexion, figure?
Ah! And what care I for these!

Is the sun in heaven not source of life
and light in all things wrought?
Say, what know we but its splendour,
you, or I, or others?
Nought, nought!

Die Nacht (The Night)
Out of the forest the night has come.
It creeps quietly from the trees,
takes a wide circling look about it;
now beware!

All the lights in the world,
all the flowers, all the colours,
it snuffs out, and steals the sheaves
from out of the field.

It takes everything that is lovely,
takes the silver from the streams,
from the copper roof of the cathedral
takes the gold away.

Die Nacht (The Night) (continued)
The bushes stand despoiled.
Come closer, soul to soul;
O the night, I fear, will steal
you too from me.

Il Pleure dans mon coeur (Tears fall in my heart)
Tears fall in my heart
Like rain upon the city.
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?
Oh, gentle sound of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
In this anguished heart.
What! No betrayal?
This mourning has no reason.
This is truly the keenest pain,
To know not why,
Without either love or hate,
My heart bears so much pain.

Chevaux de bois (Wooden Horses)
Turn round, turn round good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.
Turn often and do not stop,
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.
The child quite red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in rose,
Each one doing as he pleases,
Each one spending his Sunday penny.
Turn round, turn round, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.
Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!
It is astounding how it intoxicates you,
To move thus in this foolish circus,
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;
Turn, hobby horses, without needing
Even the aid of spurs
To make you gallop on.
Turn around, turn, without any hope of hay,
And hurry, horses of their fancy,
Here, already the supper bell is sounded
By night, which falls and disperses the crowd
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

Green (Green)
Here are the fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,
And here also is my heart which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.
I come, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.
On your young bosom, let me cradle my head,
Still filled with music from your last kisses;
Let it be soothed after the good storm,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Oh! mio babbino caro (Oh! my beloved daddy)
Oh! my beloved daddy,
I love him, yes I love him;
I'd like at Porta Rosa
to buy us a wedding ring!

Yes, yes I really mean it,
and if you say "No"
I'll go to Ponte Vecchio,
and throw myself below.
If I am not to marry him,
Alas, I can but die!
Daddy be kind, I pray
Daddy be kind, I pray...

Ah! Je veux vivre (Juliet's Waltz Song)
In my fairy dream I'd revel,
gay and airy,
yet one day more!
Like a treasure I will guard thee,
naught my pleasure
E'er will restore!

Hours enticing, youth rejoicing
will all too soon be gone.
Tearful hours send their showers
when by love hearts are won,
And all our joys are then undone!

Far from the winter snows,
do not wake me today;
let me enjoy the rose,
E'er she wither away!